

Once I thought that no one heard our screams.

Now I know that 'some' 'thing' is listening and it is not of this earth.

The Last Suicide © Xen.

I have failed to die by suicide many times throughout my nearly 70 years of life. In addition to the many NDE's from other causes; something always stopped me from leaving this hell. **To begin, suicide is not cowardly; cowardly is when a country, its people, and their institutions FAIL so faultily and they abuse someone so badly s/he chooses to end their life to stop the pain - that is cowardly. Suicide is not easy or painless, and least of all NOT COWARDLY! It takes a lot of suffering & dying to kill a man. This is not Hollywood cinema or make believe; it is real life 101 cut to the final ending.** Every failed attempt added a little bit each time to foolproofing that final success as it were. At last I had that perfect solution. A full tank of gas, the car parked just right – tail in to trap the gasses – a stout garage, ceiling beam, hook, 4' rope double braided and cinched tight, a 2' ladder, 8' drop, ½ pint of Everclear, pure grain alcohol & liquid courage, late on a Saturday night. In the mailbox were an undisclosed number of suicide letters, all properly written to undisclosed recipients such as relatives, lawyers, authorities, etc, clarifying that this is another **veteran suicide** so that it cannot be relabeled as 'other' allowing the US government to continue hiding its shame abandoning US Veterans and active military as it has been doing for over a century. All stamped, properly addressed and waiting for Monday mail pickup. Backup letters are in a trusted friend's possession to mail upon my death. **The perfect suicide complete with crimes, victim and criminals.** The night is cool - my hour came - and choking down that damn bottle of booze was the worst part of it all. I do not drink. At first it burned, then warmed, then the intended effect slowly overcame me. I had already turned on the car motor 30 minutes prior and now could not smell the wretched fumes anymore. Wobbly, holding the hangman's noose, I climbed the ladder, set the rope tight, just right, then waited killing until it killed me. Odd how one's mind clears crystal in such moments; dying did not seem so bad after spending a life of pain undergoing cowards who sacrifice others because they lack the guts to admit who and what are they, run away and hide from selves, while blaming someone else. **America is a nation of such cowards.** 100 successful veteran suicides daily scream that in cold blood and today mine would mix with theirs. My knees buckled, I wobbled, slumped, when it all went black. What must have been hours later I awoke alone in darkness...alive? Yes, I am still living! Prone on the garage floor in pain this is how one knows he is alive in hell. A message played in my pounding head: **'Stop this nonsense. You are not going anywhere until completing your tasks here. NO ONE LEAVES WITHOUT OWNER PERMISSION.'** I counted it 100 times with each beat of my aching head before the message faded. I begin crawling around and saw a faint glow from streetlights seeping in around the garage door. Got my bearings and crawled to a light switch; my head was pounding and felt 3x its size from carbon monoxide and alcohol poisoning, which made everything a laborious, disoriented, struggle. Finally, I found a wall light switch, turned on the garage lights and surveyed the mess. Yes, I am still in this hell then slumped against the wall and passed out. The next day, I awoke still lying at that spot, unsteadily stood, grabbed a support and again surveyed

the mess. The noose remained solidly intact to the ceiling beam. How did I get out of that? Dangling from it by my neck with the ladder kicked across the room – how? The car is shut off, passenger side door locked with keys inside. A large 5-tier, very heavy, metal shelf is solidly pinned in the 24” space between car door and the garage wall. There is no room to access it between front of car and locked garage door. Only from the rear and between the shelf and me is messily stacked all the stuff that was on top of that shelf. I spent half an hour removing everything just getting to the unlocked door, opened it and the keys were in the **off** position. Topped-off full gas tank read $\frac{3}{4}$ that means about 2.5 gallons of burned gas and enough carbon monoxide in that garage to kill a horse. I am not in the Twilight Zone yet, I am! This is impossible... how? The plan was foolproof and I should be stone, cold, dead and free of this hell. That is when the message played once more in my head: **‘Stop this nonsense. You are not going anywhere until completing your tasks here. NO ONE LEAVES WITHOUT OWNER PERMISSION.’** I have spent a nearly a week since that fateful night thinking... I am not in control and never was, just lost in an illusion thinking ‘free will’ and ‘free will not’ **‘choice’** was control. It is only the power to choose from options placed here by something else that **is** controlling us, and now I understand why all my best thinking and foolproof plans have only fooled me into cooperating with this illusion. **That no one leaves here without owner permission. And each of us is here for a plan, and most of all that nobody cheats his or her way out of this test.** The story is true and happened last Friday night 02/11/2022 ending another depressive episode. Something died in me that night but not what I had intended. Something old died and rebirth of something that was always there trapped under this illusion after the human was born. The human died and rebirth of.....

This is dedicated to all of our US Armed Forces and Veterans abandoned by America, Dept of Veterans Affairs, DOD and US Government. **100 veterans successfully suicide daily because none get the needed care or help to recover, which includes me.** Perhaps death is when grace begins and this hell ends. Only cowardly America, its institutions, and Dept of Veterans Affairs can sink so low in sewage-filth profiteering from veteran suffering and suicide....

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I never understood what people are thinking screwing over each other for a piece or all of the pie. To lose it all on the final trip out of here lying prone in a decorated box, covered in flowers, riding in the back of a black limousine, to spend eternity returning to dust in the bottom of a graveyard earthen pit, enchained to all that baggage earned over a lifetime hurting people. Simply makes no sense. If that is what living is about what is the point of life? What matters?